

HUSTLER'S TABOO®

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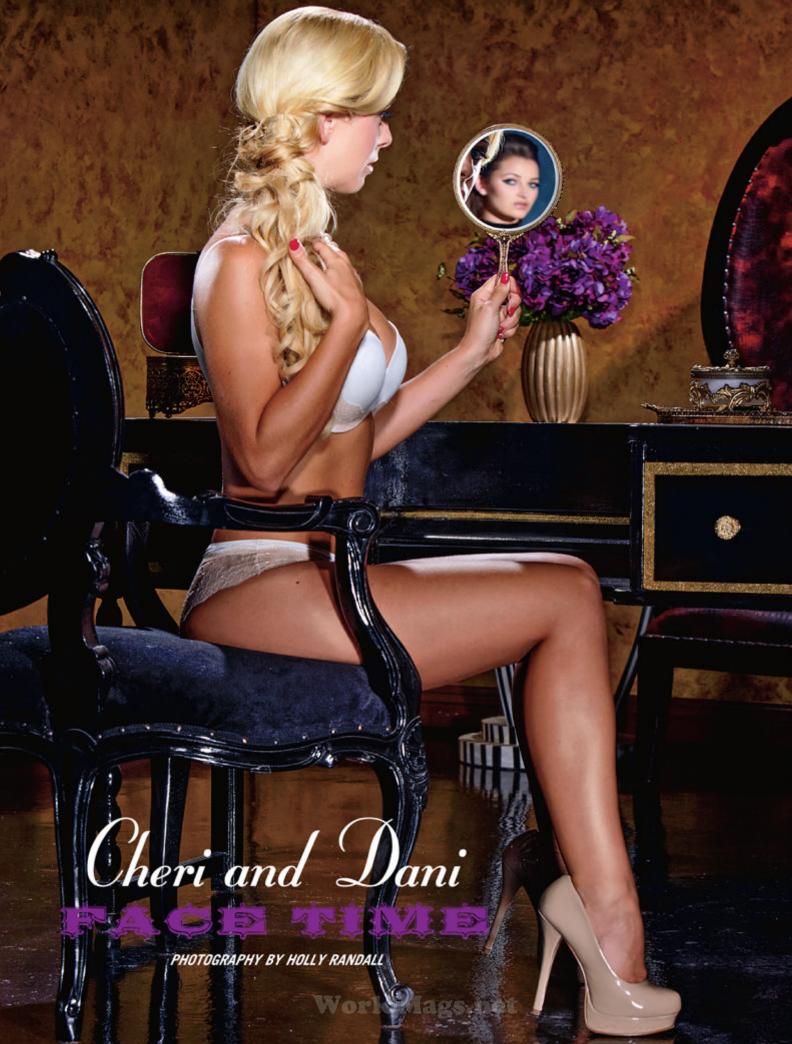
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TIE THOSE TITTIES

I can't say enough good things about your March 2013 pictorial Jessica—Broken for Entering. Voluptuous Jessica, with her innocent face, is the perfect subject for something I don't see nearly often enough—tight breast bondage. The metal clamps were fiendish, but the wrapped ropes making her boobies bulge on the cover closed the deal at the newsstand. I was not disappointed. Not only did you gift us with Jessica's mauled mams, you topped it off with a couple of spectacular pissing shots. TABOO, you never let us down when it comes to bound beauties. -F. Murdock, Boise, Idaho



TIED AND TINKLING

I just love your magazine. The combination of great-looking women pissing and being tied up is a terrific turn-on. It's a natural combination with a common theme, loss of control. Put the two elements together and they make delightful dynamite. Keep the ropes tight and the pee flowing. —Nicholas E., Tulsa, Oklahoma

DIRTY AND SWEET

When it comes to capturing dominated darlings doing the dirty, nobody beats photographer Dave Naz. His March 2013 feature Melody and TJ-Shame Game had it all: a sweet slave ready to serve in every way from rimming to sacksucking to hard anal and A2M cock worship. Her long-distance enema expulsion and eager acceptance of her Master's golden gift reminded readers of what a real sex slave is all about. Melody does it all without ever losing her innocent charm. Nice. Kudos to all. —Franklin

Bergstrom, Henderson, Nevada





What is the mysterious meaning behind the initials—seen with increasing frequency on kink-oriented Web sites-CMNF? They are the short form of a particular interest known as Clothed Male, Naked Female, a rapidly growing niche interest within the greater world of fetishism. Simply defined, it is a type of scene in which the dominant male partner begins, and sometimes remains, fully dressed while the submissive

Though as a specific twist, CMNF is far from new, and representations of it appear commonly in both historical and modern contexts. In Roman frescoes of the sort unearthed in the excavation of ancient bordellos, scenes of aristocratic Roman men garbed in luxurious robes enjoying the attentions of naked slaves are common. In the earliest pornographic photography, as reproduced on those infamous "French postcards," men in suits are often shown fucking women in stockings

or less. Indeed, naked male bodies were rare in early porn of all media. In blue movies made before sexually explicit films became legal in this country, male performers were rarely undressed beyond the strategic regions, while their female partners wore little more than garters and stockings, if that much.

Moreover, unlike more obvious fetishes, CMNF plays a visible role in the popular and commercial cultures of our own age. In how many James Bond movies have we seen the tuxedoed secret agent returning to his hotel suite to find his seductress du jour already stripped for action? How frequently in advertising, particularly for men's fashion or women's perfume, are we treated to the



sight of bare feminine flesh juxtaposed with masculine sartorial splendor? A typical issue of Vanity Fair is apt to contain at least a dozen such images.

Fine art photographers have certainly worked this theme repeatedly. Helmut Newton's images often show goddesslike models fully exposed among suited gents; and French lensman Dahmane frequently poses his muse Chloe with men of various types and ages enjoying a BJ or a spontaneous fuck with the sleek, fully revealed model, while remaining attired but for whatever anatomy may emerge through an unbuttoned fly.

Perhaps the apotheosis of CMNF in popular culture is to be found in Stanley Kubrick's film Eves Wide Shut, wherein a clueless Tom Cruise blunders into a highsociety soiree where all the men are formally attired and all the women are exposed but for faces hidden behind masks.

And as with so many behaviors that start out as random, or incidental to something else, the archetype of the clothed man with a naked partner has attained the status of an organized fetish. There are groups in Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Washington, Baltimore and, not surprisingly, throughout the U.K. that stage private parties where the dress code is strictly CMNF.

There is nothing casual for either gender about the CMNF dress code. Invitations often specify that the men are to be as elegantly attired as possible, and their companions are encouraged to accent their natural beauty with elaborate hair styles, full makeup, jewelry and high heels.

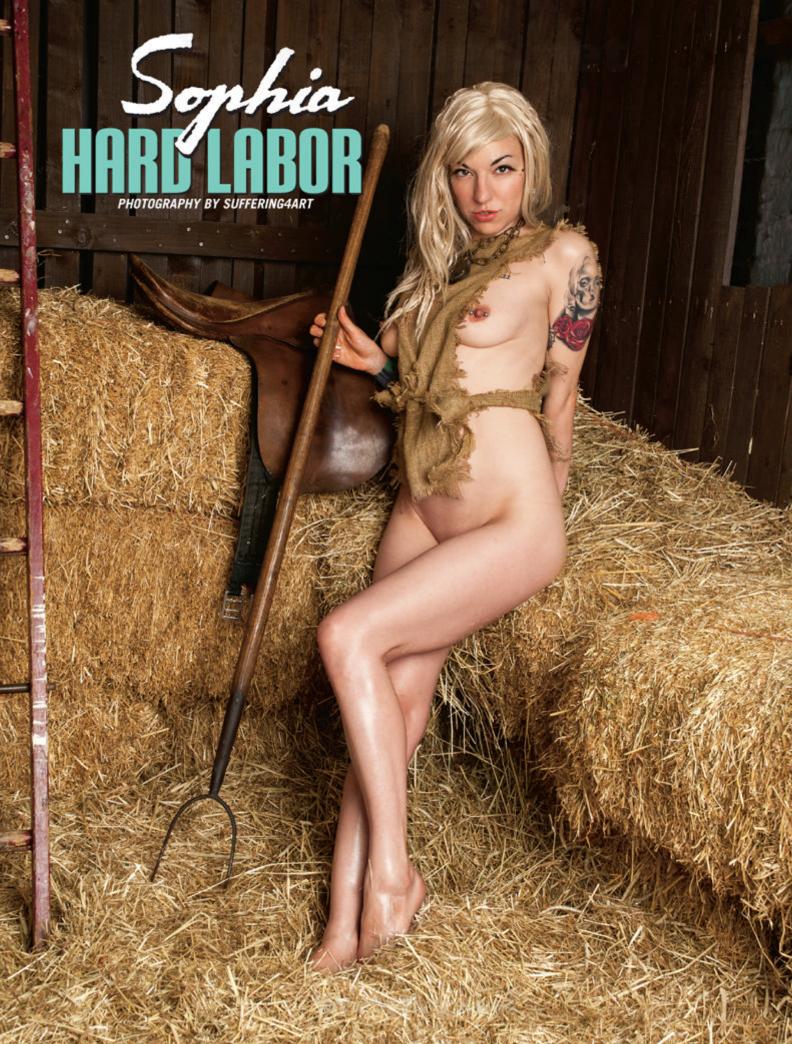
There is a definite class component to this particular proclivity. Not only are the male participants expected to dress like proper gentlemen, they're expected to behave accordingly. CMNF affairs are often begun with elegant dinners over which sophisticated flirting occurs, but open sexual interaction is withheld until later in the evening—if allowed at all—and generally restricted to private areas. There is a difference between a CMNF party and an orgy, though as the night wears on, that distinction tends to blur. Festivities tend to progress from naked lap-sitting to making out to BJs with the women kneeling and the men still dressed to the freer-forall atmosphere in the more private spaces. The woman often begins her "service" by undressing her partner to whatever extent is required for the activities to come. The atmosphere tends to be languid and decorous rather than bawdy and raucous.

These codes hint at the essence of CMNF's appeal, which is perhaps most economically encapsulated in the phrase "power suit"—the sort of elegant, buttonedup and buttoned-down look associated with men of means. Elegance is associated with authority, in part because it requires money to pull off effectively, and with wealth comes power.

In a recent blog post, a female CMNF enthusiast described the dynamics of such gatherings with exceeding clarity:

"I see it as a simple visual for a power exchange. The venues where these activities take place are filled with G.Q. types and businessmen. Many, if not most of them, are powerful in their respective fields. None are equal in stature, age or mon-



























age is obedient, but shy and slow to respond. Fully restrained when not in use, she's conditioned to lower her orgasmic threshold, and the powerful wand vibe works wonders at kicking the program into gear. Sage is required to apply it to her big, lush cunt in conjunction with a variety of specially designed steel instruments. The curved rod slides directly to her G spot every time, producing gushers of girl-cum on the padded floor. The giant stainless probe works in deeper. Sage has to kneel on it, holding herself open, and fuck herself with it until the convulsions start. Each day, her orgasm requirements are increased until coming while others watch is both natural and inevitable.

As her training progresses, she learns to work the heavy tool with her internal muscles while strapped down spread-eagled. It takes time for her to learn to come this way, but she's not going anywhere until her keepers decide she's ready. The relentless penetration of the anal fucking machine is particularly ingenious, its speed and stroke varied constantly to keep Sage on the brink before finally allowing her to climax. But as her shyness fades, a new, unruly slave emerges, one who unabashedly pisses all over the floor between treatments. Fortunately, there are corrective measures for that too, as Sage learns, bound and gagged in the punishment chair with tight clamps biting her nipples. By the time they're done with her, she'll serve as required and respond on demand.























arkin presents Natalie rigidly strapped, collared, ball-gagged and tottering on her ballet boots, hoping to seal the deal with Natalie's new owner quickly. He's obviously pleased by the sight of Natalie's luscious flesh cruelly compressed by the tight bonds, but demands a demonstration before taking possession. He wants to be sure he's getting the properly broken slave he's promised. Securing Natalie in the examination chair with all parts exposed, Larkin tweaks Natalie's tits and uses the evil twin-tongued viper on Natalie's thighs, leaving no doubt about the girl's sensitivity to pain.

Rudely spreading Natalie open, Larkin extols the benefits of discipline before use. The big dildo slides easily to the depths of Natalie's fuckhole, but much as the bound girl wants to grind on it, she concentrates on loosening her smaller hole for the string of beads. Larkin works her just to the edge, then stands her dizzily on the punishing heels, binding her wide with rigid bars between the wrists and ankles for a salvo of searing cane strokes. Natalie's buyer is impressed by the way his new property keeps her balance while taking her strokes. The addition of an impaling dildo and an anal plug leaves Natalie begging to please. Back in the chair, Natalie gets a deep pounding with the rubber cock accompanied by a slow, torturous extraction of the anal balls. Knowing what's expected, Natalie begs to suck her potential Master's cock. The merchandise is ready to be sampled. Larkin has no doubt of the customer's complete satisfaction.



















her Master to exercise control over aspects of their lives unrelated to BDSM.

For a slave, it's all about what Master wants. Her self-esteem as a good slave depends on doing difficult things well, even if they're less than pleasant. A slave will take pride in service, be it extreme anal training, orgasm control, learning to walk in six-inch heels, or keeping Master's clothes or finances in order. A submissive is more likely to take pride in her high tolerances for strong physical sensations, pleasurable or painful.

For either slaves or submissives, romantic attachment to the dominant partner may, or may not, be essential to their experience.

DEAR NINA,

I subscribe to TABOO and have to say I got very turned on reading that you've been whipped, waxed, spanked, suspended, tied, teased and tormented by your Master. I even cut out your picture and carry it in my wallet. I have one question: How do I find a woman like you?

I'm 71 and no longer have a partner. Computers make me nervous, so I don't have one. I'm healthy and don't need any drugs to show a woman a good time. I just want my own girl to tie up, tease and torment!

—D.M., Toledo, Ohio

Dear D.M.:

I'm sure it would be great fun to be tormented by someone so experienced. I understand your reticence toward computers, but if my mother can handle them, so can you! In this day and age it's very hard to find a partner without being online. You won't need a fancy computer since you won't be doing a whole lot with it, but it will give you access to the large and

growing

community. Go to a reputable store, take a few lessons on how to

community. Go to a reputable store, take a few lessons on how to navigate the Web safely, and then take it slowly as you learn how it all works. Fair warning: There are plenty of jerks and liars on the Internet!

Casual social gatherings, called "munches," are how kinky people get to know each other face-to-face in a safe environment these days. They're often held at restaurants and are a great way to meet those in your locale. If you're polite and don't act the lech, you'll make friends and they'll turn you on to parties, regional conventions and local play spaces.

Younger women are often leery of older men if they suspect the guy is perving on them. Just use your manners and ask if they know any kinky women over 50, which will put them at ease around you. Taking skill classes at your local event space is a good way to meet others with similar interests, be they rope bondage, fucking machines, G spot massage or single-tailing.





Featuring



Kay's just too pee-shy to tinkle on command. Strapped into the bondage chair, candle lit under her, Kay's nipples stiffen at the cold hardness of the metal plate beneath her bare ass and shaved, ringed pussy. The steel under her butt heats slowly and relentlessly. There's only one solution. All shame forgotten, she pulls herself up, willing her pee-hole to open. The pent-up stream gushes down, hissing as it cools the sizzling plate and splatters the dungeon floor. Offered the chance to clean up her mess, she eagerly assents. Better to have one set of cheeks burn with embarrassment than find the other back in the hot seat!

Photography by Gerry Koehler









BENCHMARK

Fiction by EVANGELINE GORDON

Photography by Ken Marcus

A

Il day at work I've been thinking about our "anniversary." It's been hard to concentrate on the computer screen, which keeps filling with images of how we might celebrate. I



can't be sure what's in store because I don't make the decisions. Jason does, and he makes them right. It's been one year since he collared me as his slave and we both know that was the best decision he ever made. It was also the last of any importance I've had to make for myself. I could never have imagined that I'd be proud to be called his property, or flattered to be reminded I'm his fuck doll, but he knew me better than I did.

I hurry home early, ready to take a dangerous initiative. He might think I'd like something romantic to mark the occasion, but what I want, need, are marks to mark the

occasion. I want to be made his slave all over again. If he wants to take me out to a nice dinner afterward, I can't say no.

In the meantime, I can leave a simple, folded note on the dining room table telling him I await his pleasure downstairs.

In the very private room we've built under the house and equipped only with things made to hurt and/or use me as he wishes, I'm already naked, wearing my tall posture collar and restraining cuffs, the way he expects to find me even on an ordinary evening.

But this time, we both know it won't be an ordinary evening. I'll be renewing my vows to serve and obey him, and he'll be reminding me why I took them. I'm shamefully wet at the thought. Hearing his boots on the steps, I get into my kneeling position—head up, shoulders back, tits out, hands behind my back and knees spread wide. I'm trembling, but not with fear, as he looks me over from the stairs. I keep my

eyes averted, but I know he's pleased.

At his approach, I lose my composure. I'm feeling very hormonal tonight, and I just don't care if I end up in tears. As soon as he's in range, I break my pose, scrambling over to wrap my arms around his leg and put my face against his crotch. He's already gloriously hard through his black jeans, and I can't help rubbing my face against him.

He doesn't indulge me long—ever—another reason he owns me. At his command, I'm back in position, only this time the stiff shaft of the riding crop pulls back against my throat, holding me upright. His tone is playful, but he means every word when he demands to know if I need breaking again already. No, I'll be a good girl. It's not because I'm afraid. I'll suffer anyway, but I'll do it with grace as much to satisfy myself as to please my Master. I'm proud of what I am, what I can do, what I can take.

Tilting my head back with the crop under my chin, Jason orders me to put my hands, palms-up, on my knees and clear my mind of all but surrender. My shaved cunt has already surrendered to a powerful hunger, but it will get his attention at his choice.

First, he reminds me of the essentials, grabbing me roughly by the hair, he slams the crop down across my tits. I can't suppress a yelp. He never starts on me where I expect. Not until my tits are sore and pink does he order me to present my backside.

His grip on the back of my collar holds me still while





he strokes the wicked thing between my legs, amused at the slick trail my dripping bits leave on it.

The first stroke on my butt is always a surprise. What used to be the goal is now the warm-up. It takes a lot to really sting me back there anymore, but Jason gives me a good, crisp smack that gets my attention. I thank him for each stroke and ask for another as he works his way over my ass cheeks, leaving me souvenirs of the occasion with every impact. I try to stay still, but he teases me in between blows and it's impossible not to squirm. Now he holds my head in his strong hand for the next set of stripes. They feel like they might last a day or two, which makes me smile even though I probably shouldn't.

Sure enough, next thing I know I'm on my back, splayed with my legs open and my hands behind my head, his boot planted firmly in my gut. He reminds me I'm there for his amusement and not the other way around. If I ever lost my fear of Jason completely it would probably be the end of my submission to him. I need that feeling.

Now he concentrates on my nipples, which are very sensitive, and my clit, which is even more so, alternating swats unpredictably among the three targets. I hold as still as I can, but the whip bites deep and no matter how I bite my lip, I still cry out when he taps that button at the top of my slit. And yet, when he presses my legs down flat and works my thighs, the sensation is strangely satisfying. I'm starting to slip into that zone where I crave pain and pleasure equally. Even though I know I mark the most deeply just where he's hitting, I wouldn't mind if it went on for another hour.

As always, Jason has plans of his own, standing me up and shaking out the long hanks of red rope while I remain at attention. I'm always amazed at his patience and concentration even when he has a throbbing hard-on. He weaves an elaborate harness around my arms and chest, securing my hands at the back, and begins the spanking.



Of all the things with which he hits me, I still prefer his hand. And not because it's easier to take. He pounds my ass good and hard until I can feel it turning red and starting to glow with heat. If Jason wants to make a point, so do I, which is why I hold my position so rigidly, alternately yelping and asking him to do it harder.

Amused, Jason complains that his hand isn't as tough as my rump and takes up the paddle. That changes everything. I have trouble taking the paddle. Unlike a whip, it's completely rigid. It can't give, so my flesh must, rippling with every strike. I feel the breeze on my hot behind, then the impact, then the actual sting, then the residual burn, over and over. I'll have bruises from this for sure to remind me of tonight every time I sit down for the next week.

Holding me by the harness, he goes back to using his hand so he can feel the welts from the paddle, making sure they'll stay by giving my ass flesh an extra pounding. I hope he'll fuck me soon, but when that wish escapes my lips, I know I've made things worse. Moving around to the front, he takes my nipples between crushing fingers and pulls up sharply, twisting and pinching. He does not need my opinion. Just to make sure I remember that, he snaps the steel clover clamps on the tips of my already sore tits. These are the meanest clamps we have. I hate them, and yet I always set them out when told to get the room ready. However miserable they are, I like the look in his eye they inspire. I know that look.

The clamps are destined to stay on awhile, but I don't care, because Jason finally liberates his rock-hard cock and puts it to my lips. I'm ever so respectful, taking the head in first and worshipping it, my expression ecstatic. This is the moment when I demonstrate my devotion. His hands wrapped in my hair, he guides my compliant mouth up and down his long shaft, choking me at the depth of his stroke, holding it against the back of my





throat for a moment until I'm coughing and red-faced, then slides it out and repeats the cycle. He's long and it's a trial, but I love sucking him and could do it all night. There have been nights where that was pretty much what I did. I'd be honored if he finished in my mouth, but I'm sure he has plans for other holes.

I'm not surprised to find myself facedown on the spanking bench. Trussed as I am, I'm feeling very much like a piece of meat. At this moment, I have no other ambition other than to be tasty fuckmeat for my Master.

I must be, judging from the swollen, steely cock with which he penetrates me from behind. I'm so wet it slides in easily, and he takes his time getting it all the way in. He starts slow, but picks up speed when he feels me involuntarily thrusting back at him as much as the ropes will allow. I need it fast and deep. I need to come and he knows it, seizing me by the hair and making me beg for it.

I don't need much convincing. My babbled pleas fill the room between ragged gasps and shuddering moans. I'm afraid it's going to happen before I get permission, which could have dire consequences, but I'm shown a bit of mercy and allowed to lift my pelvis, bury him to the hip bones and scream myself purple as the waves hit, one by one. If he weren't holding me in place by the body harness, I'd probably slide off the bench and hit the floor. Convulsed from head to toe, I just keep coming for as long as Jason keeps ramming.



Finally, he lets me rest. Panting furiously, I implore him to let me show my gratitude. I'm convincing because I mean it. Nobody has ever worked me like Jason does. A year of it and I only want it more. I need for him to know that

Turning me over on the bench, he lets me do the things at which I excel, starting by lapping the sweat from his balls, intoxicated by the scent of his sweat and my own secretions. In no hurry, he feeds the snake down my gullet, pulls its gleaming length back out

to rub over my face, then does it again, repeatedly. It's more difficult to swallow him whole this way, but I like that. I want to work to please him.

And when I do, there's no doubt. Jason pulls his cock out of my face in a spray of spit and orders me to open my mouth and stick out my tongue. Considering the copious quantities of hot, white lava he dumps on my tongue, his aim is remarkable. Aside from one stray splat on my cheek, he gets the whole load down my throat, where I gulp it as if starving. I have been ever since we started. Sometimes a bellyful of his seed is the only thing that can satisfy me.

I can't help laughing when Jason slaps me across the tits and orders me to get cleaned up. He is, in fact, taking me out to dinner to celebrate, and I'll certainly enjoy a good meal after all this exertion, but I'll probably skip dessert.

I've already had that.





DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

I'm fairly new to anal sex. I've slowly worked myself up from a few fingers to a decent-sized butt plug to using a smaller dildo with a partner. The dildo's insertable length is less than six inches, but it won't go in my ass all the way. By the time we get to ass-fucking, we've already been having sex for a while, so being turned on enough is definitely not the issue. I'm super-wet and really aroused. Is it because the dildo's curved? Is it because he positions it downward to give me indirect G spot stimulation? Is there some anatomical reason for why it won't go any further?

-Stop Sign Inside Me

Dear Me:

Unlike the vagina, the rectum isn't a straight tube. It curves slightly in several places. The lower part of the rectum bends toward the navel. After a few inches, the rectum curves back toward the spine, then toward the navel again. These configurations are part of the reason slowness and patience are critical to pleasurable anal penetration. Each person's rectum is unique, and I suspect that yours has a pronounced curve a few inches in. That's why it feels like you can't get the dildo as deep as you'd like. A dildo curved the wrong way may be exacerbating the problem, so trying a straight one is a good idea. In addition, you should experiment with different positions. In some positions, the rectum's twists and turns are more exaggerated, but in others you can actually "straighten" it out. Experiment with different angles until you find one that gives you an easier time with your sixinch dildo. Once you can comfortably take that, you're ready to move on to your partner's cock.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR.

I love your column and Web site, puckerup.com. You give plenty of good advice while treating your subject in a refreshingly direct manner. My concern is anal cleansing and avoiding messy anal sex. Would going to the bathroom a few hours prior make a messy episode less likely? What about a liquid diet the day before? How many times can you safely rinse the rectum before there's a possibility of causing damage to its walls?

—Mrs. Clean

Dear Mrs. Clean:

Having a bowel movement prior to anal sex is a good way to empty out the lower colon and rectum, increasing your chances of having relatively clean anal sex. I don't usually advise eating (or in this case drink-

ANAL ADVISOR

BY TRISTAN TAORMINO



Welcome to my column, Anal Advisor. I'm Tristan Taormino, author of The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women and producer/director/star of the video of the same name. In addition to being a writer and editor, I teach sex workshops all over the world. I receive dozens of letters and e-mails daily about anal sex, and I love to share a few of those questions and answers with all of you. For more anal advice and adventures, check out my Web site, puckerup.com, and my reality porn series for Vivid called Chemistry.



ing) a liquid diet the day before. Certainly you could eat mild, easy-to-digest foods beforehand, especially if you have a sensitive system. If you're giving yourself an enema, you can safely rinse out a dozen times or more. Rinsing with plain warm water will not damage the rectal walls. The number of times you rinse isn't the issue with enemas, it's how often you have

them. You shouldn't have one every day, as this can dehydrate you, repeatedly wash away the protective mucous lining of the rectum and disrupt your digestive functioning overall. However, as a prelude to butt sex with some time in between, they can definitely contribute to that "clean all over" effect you hope to achieve.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

I have a specific question about fisting. My girlfriend and I have been trying anal fisting in a rather novice way, I guess. Even using plenty of thick, viscous lube and taking a slow approach, we have only been able to accommodate three fingers so far. Both of our back doors are "virgin" and seem rather tight. I have wider than normal hips and read somewhere that it should be easier for me to be fisted. But neither of us has had any luck so far. I heard that using a special dildo shaped like a cone can help. I've also been told sessions with a specialty masseuse can work toward gradually expanding and loosening things back there. We both want to experience the whole fist. What would you suggest to help us along?

—Anal Fisting Hopefuls

Dear Hopefuls:

Fisting isn't a realistic goal yet. Concentrate on learning to relax, trying out different positions and learning to really enjoy manual penetration. Once you've gotten into a groove, start exploring butt plugs or dildos. These are a great way to help warm you up for more challenging play. You don't necessarily need a specifically shaped dildo, like the cone you mentioned. Get a smooth model made of a high-quality material like silicone, metal or glass and use plenty of lube.

The process of learning to fist is all about patience, practice, being really turned on and working your way gradually toward the goal. Most people don't succeed in taking an entire hand on the first few tries, even if they've experienced a lot of anal sex in other forms. Focus on exploring anal play and figuring out what you like and what gets you off right now. Don't put pressure on yourselves (or each other) to get to the whole hand just yet.

I've never heard of a masseuse that specializes in anal massage—unless there is some clever sex worker out there marketing themselves as one—although there are a few good instructional videos that can teach you great techniques to practice on yourselves and each other.



PHOENIX & TJ FEEDING TIME

utt-hooked and bound, Phoenix kneels eagerly to worship T.J.'s cock. Starved all day, she yearns to suck out his seed, but he won't make it easy. He paddles her ass hard and trusses her with a nasty tube gag in her mouth. Planting his foot on her face, he pounds her greasy tailpipe for an eternity, interrupted by a couple of irresistible orgasms. At least some of her appetites are satisfied. T.J. stuffs his slimy meat through the opening in the gag until she chokes. She feels him getting close, prepares to gulp his goop, but his plans are always more diabolic than her imagination. Instead of finishing off in her mouth, he changes out the tube-gag for a clear funnel, making her watch while he jerks his load into it. Phoenix has to tip her head back so it can trickle slowly down her gullet. To wash down her breakfast, T.J. sits her on the toilet and unleashes his bulging bladder for a thorough hosing.

Phoenix can only anticipate with a mixture of eagerness and dread whatever he has planned for lunch. One way or another, he keeps her hungry all the time.

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